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FAR FROM "THE DAY'S BEGINNING" *

BY OWEN RISQUE.

Illustrated from life.



AT THE DOORWAY.

it on in hall. All dresses theatre." Then, throwing off her cloak, she touched her plain, dark kimona. "This mine," she said. "What you like for picture?"

"Cloak pretty," said Varick, dropping unconsciously into her direct wording, "and this dress. You come from theatre?"

"No; Japanese in theatre my friends." She looked about at Varick's pictures a little uneasily. "One man he paint Japanese," she said. "I look for him. Not find him. You not paint Japanese?"

"I like try to paint Japanese," Varick answered. "Here place to dress."

It was after an oriental pause that she came out. Varick had made all his preparations twice.

SHE stood quite still at the doorway. Her face wore a child-like impassiveness, but her hands fingered the long cloak nervously, and when she spoke her voice was hesitant. "You paint the Japanese?" she asked.

Varick was leaning round his easel looking at her. She was not a professional model. He turned back to the blue-eyed girl on his canvas. There were other blue-eyed girls on the walls, quick, tantalizing faces that still fell short of what he had attempted. The little figure at the door had appeared before him like a restful thought. He called her in. She stooped to get a bundle and then paused. "I stand quiet. You pay me?" she asked again.

"Surely," said Varick. "You have never posed before?"

She did not understand that, and fell to unpacking her bundle. "Dresses," she explained briefly. "For pictures.

This cloak prettiest. It not mine — theatre. I not wear it; I put



"I LADY WALKING. IN JAPAN."

* A literal translation of the word Japan.



"I MEET LADY."

"Yes. My husband. He paint too. He paint all at once. In store window. Quick. Not like you. He look at nobody to see how. He know."

"And he sends you out to pose?" Varick asked, sharply. "Stand quiet, somebody pay," he added, to be understood.

"My husband sick," she answered, simply. "He not know. He not miss me. We no money."

"A—h!" said Varick. "You do all this alone. You not afraid?"

"No," she answered, almost with surprise, "not afraid. I go to my husband now. He need me. I come back to-morrow. To-morrow too late?"

"No, indeed," Varick assured, kindly, "not too late. Come back often. I paint slow. Take many days to paint picture. But your husband—when he get well, he like it?"

"We poor. I tell him you good," she answered, confidently. "Not nice in Japan. Nice in America."

"I lady walking. In Japan," she said. "You like me? Now I meet lady. Bow. You like me?"

"Stand just so," cried Varick, and began to work. But her unaccustomed head grew tired, and soon she looked up.

"Lady not bow so long," she suggested, and Varick caught a familiar baffling gleam in her sleepy eyes.

"Rest a minute," he said.

She drew a cushion onto the floor and settled herself. But she picked up a scarf, and holding it between her hands, she said, "I lady sewing. Lady sew longer than bow. You like me?"

"I like you," echoed Varick, with boyish gallantry that surprised him, coming fresh and genuine from he knew not where.

She rose quickly and crossed the room. She was such a restless little chameleon under her Eastern calm. As she came back, carrying Varick's Japanese tray, he noticed that her child face was almost haughty. "I lady bringing tea to my husband's friend," she said. "My husband like lady bringing tea."

"Your—husband?" said Varick, slowly.



"LADY SEW LONGER THAN BOW."